Harry to *Harry*, ſhall not Horſe to Horſe
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.
Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He can not draw his power this fourteene dayes.
Dow. That's the worſt tydings that I heare of yet.
Wor. I by my fayth that beares a froſty ſound.
Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be.
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of us may ſerve ſo great a day.
Come, let us muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes-day is neere, die all, dy merrily.
Dow. Talke not of dying: I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtalffe and Bardol.

Fal. *Bardol*, get thee before to *Coventry*, fill me a bottle of Sacke, our Souldires ſhall march through; Wee'l to *Sutton-co-hill* to night.

Bar. Will you give me money, Captaine?

Falſ. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.

Falſ. And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty, take them all, I'le anſwer the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meet me at Townes end.

Bar. I will, Captaine: farewell. *Exit.*

Falſ. If I be aſham'd of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet; I have miſuſed the Kings preſſe damnably. I have got in exchange of 150. Souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I preſſe me none but good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted Batchelers, ſuch as had been askt twice on the Banes, ſuch a cõmodity of warme ſlaves, as had as liefe heare the Divell as a Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliver, worſe then a ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-duck: I preſt me none but ſuch Toſts & butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins heads, and they have brought out their ſervices: and now, my whole

whole charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals, Li
Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as *Laza*
painted Cloth where the Gluttons Dogs licked his S
ſuch as indeed were never Souldiers, but diſcarded u
vingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, revolte
and Oſtlers, trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme worl
peace, times more diſhonourable ragged, then an old
cient: and ſuch have I to fill up the roomes of ther
bought out their ſervices, that you would think, th
hundred and fifty tottered Prodigals, lately come fr
keeping, from eating draffe and huskes. A mad fello
on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gib
preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeen ſuch Ska
I'le not march thorow *Coventry* with them, that's fla
the villains march wide between the legs, as if they
on, for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon:
a Shirt & a halfe in all my company, and the halfe ſ
Napkins tackt together, and throwne over the ſhou
a Heralds coate without ſleeves; and the Shirt, to ſay
ſtolne from mine Hoſt of S. *Albans*, or the *red-no*
of *Daintry*: but that's all one, they'l finde Linnen
every *Hedge*.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerlan

Prin. How now blowne *Iacke*? how now Quilt

Fal. What *Hal*? How now mad-wag, what a dive
in *Warwickſhire*? My good L. of *Weſtmerland*, I cry y
thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewsbur*

Weſt. Fayth, *Sir Iohn*, 'tis more then time, that I
and you too; but my powers are there already: the
tell you, lookes for us all; we muſt away all nigh

Fal. Tut, never feare: tell me, I am as vigilant as a
Creame.

Prin. I thinke to ſteal Creame indeed, for thy th
ready made thee butter: but tell me, *Iacke*, whoſe f
theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did never ſee ſuch pitifull raſcals.

Fal. Tut, tut good enough to toſſe, food for po